

SAID SHE'D KILL IF HE SUED HER

Wealthy Brewer Woerz Alleged that His Wife Gave Him Warning With This Blood-thirsty Threat.

HE NAMES A NOBLEMAN.

Mrs. Woerz, it is alleged, said she would kill her husband if he brought action—Great Secrecy is Maintained by Lawyers.

Despite an alleged threat by his beautiful young wife that she would blow out his brains the day he dragged her name into a divorce court, Frederick W. Woerz, a millionaire brewer, has brought suit for absolute divorce from his wife, who was Miss Harriet Leis.

Every effort has been made to surround the action with secrecy, and the complaint, which was filed before Justice Stecker, was withdrawn immediately upon the naming of Col. Franklin Partlett as referee to hear the evidence in secret.

By agreement of attorneys for both sides Mrs. Woerz is to have \$50 a week while pending suit and \$250 allowance for counsel fees.

Some Sensational Testimony.
Despite the reticence of the attorneys, friends of Mr. Woerz allege that the testimony will be extremely sensational. It will cover the conduct of the defendant in three countries, it is said, and at least one name of nobility may be involved.

According to those who claim to be familiar with the allegations in Mr. Woerz's complaint, reference will be made to any dolours of the young wife while she was abroad. It was before this, however, that Mr. Woerz had become suspicious, and it is said that while he was abroad his wife was watching continually.

While in London it is said that Mrs. Woerz was informed that her husband was keeping watch over her movements. The result of this was that when they met she was defiant. It is so stated, according to reports, in his complaint. Further, it is asserted that she made threats to prevent her husband from seeking divorce.

The Lawyers Reticent.

Mr. Woerz is represented in the divorce action by the firm of Guggenheimer, Untermyer & Marshall, but they refuse to discuss their connection with the case in any way. Appearing for Mrs. Woerz are Messrs. A. L. & S. De Jacobus, whose offices directly adjoin those of the opposing firm. The elder Mr. Jacobus, when asked to-day if Mrs. Woerz had threatened to shoot her husband if he sought divorce, refused to affirm or deny.

Mr. Woerz is a young man of great wealth. He is a member of the brewing firm of Bradstreet & Woerz and is connected with many other business enterprises. Since he married Miss Harriet Leis, about nine years ago, he has lived in an elegant mansion at No. 26 East Eleventh street. The home is now closed and is reserved for sale.

Her Father Says Malice.

Mr. George P. Leis, the father of Mrs. Woerz, was seen to-day at his home, No. 106 East Eleventh street. He said that his wife and daughter were out and would not return until late in the afternoon. "I was called in from the country, where I had gone for my health, by this terrible affair," said Mr. Leis. "Thus far I have not had the courage to talk much to my daughter about it, but from what she has told me I can deduce all the allegations made against her as untrue. There is a great deal to be said in her defense, and nothing but the side of her husband has been heard. It is not true that she ever threatened to kill him. When the proper time comes she will prove that the suit against her is in the nature of a malicious persecution."

TURKEYS SCARCE NOW.

Prices Higher, Too, for Many Farmers Have Quit Raising.

For persons who believe that a Thanksgiving dinner without turkey is no Thanksgiving dinner at all, the outlook is gloomy. There is a scarcity of turkeys, not only in the East, but throughout the country. Prices now range from 18 to 20 cents a pound for fowls mangled the long distance runners—an average of 4 cents a pound above the ruling price a year ago.

Dealers attribute the shortness in the turkey supply to the high price of grain. Country folk, in the past year, appear to have neglected the raising of turkeys for more profitable pursuits. Where the succulent fowl was profitable in car load lots a year ago, now ducks are high, too, but the cold storage chicken is with us in plenty and will doubtless decorate the centre of many a Thanksgiving board in place of the national domestic bird.

NO WONDER SHE SCREAMED.

Woman Found Thief Pocketing Her Silver Spoons.

Mrs. David Schulman was awakened in her home, at No. 406 South Third street, Brooklyn, early this morning by a noise in the dining-room. Leaving her husband asleep at the table, she went into the room and found a man leisurely filling his pockets with silverware. She screamed, the burglar was startled for a moment, but he did not get so excited that he dropped the silverware. He ran for the window and jumped to the ground, twenty feet below. In the fall several spoons dropped from his pockets and he stopped and picked them up and ran away down the street, apparently unharmed. The police were notified that the burglar had taken a silver pitcher, sixteen silver spoons and a silver set of knives, all valued at about \$100.

TWO SISTERS 50 YEARS WED

Mrs. Colo-Veloni, a Sprightly Matron of 70 or So, Tells of Her 60-Year Affection for Her Husband.

LOVE FIRE STILL BURNS.

Her Sister and Husband, Who Were Married the Same Day as She and Her Choice, Are Still Young and Hearty, Though Near Four Score.

"Isn't she pretty?" said eighty-six year-old Athanasia Colo-Veloni as she introduced an Evening World reporter to his wife, the older of two sisters who fifty years ago were married on the same day in this family homestead at Chatham, N. Y., and who on Tuesday last celebrated the golden anniversary of the double wedding.

Mr. Colo-Veloni is eighty-six, while the dainty old lady who has shared his joys and sorrows for fifty years is a little over seventy. Her sister, who married on the same day as Alexander Mrs. Colo-Veloni must have been a very pretty girl at the time of her marriage, for at seventy-five she has a skin that is smooth and white as old ivory and eyes that have a reminiscent sparkle of youth.

Mr. Colo-Veloni is a Greek by birth, and has the fiery dark eyes of his race. He showed the reporter several pictures of himself at the time he won the heart of pretty Miss Anderson, of Chatham. "He was very handsome in those days," said Mrs. Colo-Veloni proudly, "not at all like he is now. He was a good deal taller," she added with a glance at the bowed figure of the old man.

When she continued to talk of her youthful romance and like most old ladies spoke of the handsome lover of her youth as though he was quite distinct from the wrinkled husband at her side, and must by no means be confounded with him.

Loved Him Sixty Years.
"I have loved that man ever since I was ten years old," she confided. "I never cared for any one else at all. Of course," she added, "he is now a great deal older than I. He was a grown man when I was a child in dresses to my knees."

"My husband is a Greek," she continued. "His father and all his male relatives were killed in the war between Greece and Turkey in 1821, the one of which Lord Byron sang, you remember. His mother had no friends and took refuge on an American vessel. When she left she gave her boy to Commodore Richardson and he stayed on that ship for three years."

"The first time I ever saw him I was sitting in front of our house in Chatham. He had come up from New York with half a dozen other young fellows to work in a shop of which my father was foreman, and three of them came to our house to board. When I saw him come up the walk for the first time I noticed his black eyes and his fine curls, and I said to my mother, 'Oh, ma, isn't he beautiful?'"

Rebuked for Admiring Him.
"Elizabeth Pitts, a little girl friend of mine, turned to me and said, 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You are too young to talk like that.' But my mother only laughed."

From that day I had eyes for nobody else. Colo would often ask to go out with me. We would go putting and blackberrying together. And of course lots of people laughed to see a grown young man going out with a little girl ten years old."

"Yes, I loved him for ten years, for we were not married till I was past twenty. But I never let him know it till he asked me."

The old lady tossed her head challengingly at her husband of fifty years, but Mr. Colo-Veloni merely smiled in a bland, superior manner, and said nothing.

"On the day of our wedding my sister was married to one of the other young men working in the shop, and we both have been happy wives for fifty years. Do you see, my husband and I have grown so close together that when he is ill I have to take to my bed too. There were real marriages in those days. But now if people get married and live together for six months they are considered a model couple."

Not Surprised at Divorces.
"I don't go out much, but I know all about divorces and the ways of society women. This is a fast age, and the pranks are a pretty good second to the men. There are too many clubs and theatres, and I am not surprised at the number of divorces I read about."

"We don't want to say," interrupted Mr. Colo-Veloni, "that we have lived together for fifty years without a word. There must be little family jars. But my wife has never pulled my hair and I have never affronted her. We have studied each other's weakness and at the worst one can always say, 'Well, my love, perhaps you are right.' When there is a difference of opinion."

Then Mr. Colo-Veloni called attention to several portraits displayed in full Masonic regalia telling of Palestine Commandery No. 18, Knights Templar, which he originated in 1869, and to a painting of the ship in which he came from Athens.

"Of all the things we received on our anniversary," he said, "my wife is proudest of a telegram of congratulation, which was sent to her by Father Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star."

Drowned in the Passaic.
NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 12.—A man about fifty-five years of age, was found drowned in the Passaic River, at Freeman street, to-day. His hat, shoes and stockings were on a pier nearby. The body was not identified.

MR. AND MRS. COLO-VELONI TAKE PART IN DOUBLE GOLDEN WEDDING CELEBRATION.



BIG WOMAN TAKEN DOWN FIRE LADDER

She Weighed 350 Pounds and Rescuers Nearly Broke Support Under Them.

If big medals should be awarded for big rescues, Capt. Coleman, of No. 4 Truck Company, and Battalion Chief Haxue, of Jersey City, should get some recognition that would have to be carried home in a wheelbarrow, for to-day they rescued from death by fire Mrs. Mary Knowles, who weighs nearly 350 pounds.

She lives on the third floor at No. 113 Manning avenue, Jersey City. Fire broke out in the cellar early this morning among some barrels of tar that were being kept to reluminate the roof. The burning tar caused loss of smoke, and between that and the inconvenience caused by heat and fat, Mrs. Knowles was overcome.

Capt. Coleman found her lying on the floor and dragged her to the window. Capt. Cole is one of the biggest men in the department, but 350 pounds was too much for him to carry down a ladder. He called for help and Battalion Chief Haxue, another big man, came to his aid.

"Suppose the ladder breaks!" suggested Capt. Cole when the trio were half way down. Just then the people below saw that the ladder was bending visibly. A fireman got a smaller ladder and braced the old one.

Thus Mrs. Mary Knowles, with her 350 pounds, was borne safely to Mother Earth. She soon revived in the open air and was able to walk unaided this time, to the house of a friend.

LEFT HEARSE IN BITS BEHIND HIM.

Runaway Horse Clears Streets and Is Only Stopped on Edge of River.

A runaway horse hitched to an undertaker's wagon containing an empty casket, cleared One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street from Park avenue to East River this afternoon and was only stopped on the edge of the river by a man hanging to its bridle.

Christopher Herrlich, undertaker, of No. 125 East Eighty-third street, left his wagon under the New York Central station in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street while he went upstairs to get a corpse which had just arrived.

At Third avenue there was a collision. The horse frightened and ran away. The horse did not stop. Dragging the four wheels after him he dashed toward second avenue, where a second collision separated the wheels from the shafts.

Jack Welch, of No. 247 First avenue, dashed out of a lumber yard and grabbed the horse's bridle. The horse kept on, dragging Welch and stepping on him occasionally. The animal ran out on the dock at the foot of the street clear to the edge, where he sat back on his haunches.

POWERFUL FOOD
That Can Lift You Out of Bed.

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FINED \$50 FOR SLAPPING GIRL.

Butcher Objected When Pretty Anna Summers Wanted Real Steak Instead of Suggestion.

It would not be surprising should common people who do their own marketing unite to give a gold medal to Anna Summers, of Staten Island. For Anna, being insistent that Butcher Leo Sadler should give her a slab, thick steak for a thick, anemic steak she had purchased, the butcher slapped her hard slap on the face. Thereupon she was arrested and to-day he paid a fine of \$50.

Anna is seventeen years old and possesses a fine physique. She lives with her parents in Richmond Terrace. While she was not looking, Butcher Sadler passed her a thin steak.

The butcher never lived who willingly exchanged a steak. Sadler insisted that the purchase of Miss Summers was satisfactory.

"It may be satisfactory to you," said the girl, "but I must have a real steak." This butcher attempted to drive her away by dealing out meaty sarcasm, but the girl stood firm. Then the butcher reached over the counter and slapped the young woman so hard that the sound rang through the shop.

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THRASHED THEIR SCHOOL-FELLOW.

Teacher Said He Deserved It, So Three Boys Whipped George Gowan.

George Edward Gowan, a pupil in Public School No. 15, was late at school last Friday. Miss Anna Murphy, the teacher, scolded him and said he deserved a sound thrashing. The class was kept in that afternoon. So three of the pupils, Morris Levine, William Hayes and Alfred Kocher lay in wait for Gowan and administered the thrashing.

Gowan complained to his mother, and this afternoon all the parties, including Miss Murphy, and the head teacher, were summoned before Justice Meyer in the Children's Court.

The magistrate lectured the boys and upon their promising to behave in the future discharged them. He said Mrs. Murphy, of course, meant that Mrs. Gowan, and not the boys, should do the whipping.

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TINY TRUANTS SEE NEW YORK.

Annie, Aged Thirteen, and Lottie, Eleven, Spend a Glorious Day and Find Many Strange and New Things.

NIGHT OF SORROW FOLLOWS.

As long as little Annie and Lottie Johnson live they will remember yesterday. They did more things and saw more things than ever before and more than they are likely to see again in many moons. Furthermore, they got a sound whipping, the memory of which will last some time.

Annie is thirteen and Lottie eleven years old. Their mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson, runs a bakery at No. 203 Seventh street, Jersey City. Both children have been attending school and have been late so often recently that yesterday morning when they put their books under their arms and started out Mrs. Johnson said:

"Now, girls, if you are late to-day you had better run home and get your books. Oh, we want to be late, mamma," chirped the two girls, and away they went.

But the temptation to play along the street was too strong. They dashed until past school hours, and when they arrived the morning session had begun. The thought of their mother's injunction terrified them. They made up their minds that they would follow her advice and never, never go home any more.

So they went to one of the baker's customers and collected \$1.50. With this as a fortune they started for New York. They came out, wandered through all the big stores, rode on the "L" trains, ate lunch in a regular city restaurant, stuffed themselves with candy and had so much fun that they forgot that Jersey justice was stern.

When night came they decided to go to a theatre. Afraid to tackle one of the big New York houses, they made their way back to Jersey City and went to the Academy of Music. They sat in the gallery and there wasn't any one in the house happier than these two while the dream lasted.

Finally the youngsters found themselves in the street. They had not enough money left to get across the ferry to New York. Little Lottie became frightened and began to cry. Annie, as the leader, thought that even a whipping was better than staying out in the city all night, and, with trembling, unwilling feet, they wandered slowly back home.

Their mother took them to the station-house, where the big sergeant lectured them. Then she took them home, where she did worse than that.

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USED HER FISTS ON HUSBAND.

Tall Mrs. Broder Admits She Punched Small Life Partner on the Bowery, but Says It Was Only in Retaliation.

A WOMAN WAS WITH HIM.

In a deep musical voice, its tones like the lower ones from a clarinet, Mrs. Bertha Broder told the lawyers and Justice MacLean from the witness stand in the Supreme Court that the story told by her husband, Little Dr. Julius Broder, of how she had terrorized him by her violence was all untrue.

"With sweetest smiles she declared she had never but once 'poked him'—she fired a plate at him not 'taking' the mop to him, nor thrown a pot of coffee over him nor driven his patients away."

The only time when she took arms against her five-foot-one husband, she said, was when she stopped him as he entered one of the most fashionable restaurants "on the Bowery" with another young woman. Then, when she protested that he ought not to be stopping other women while she needed money, she says both the doctor and his companion set upon her and she "retaliated" with her fists. They all fetched up in a police station and next day the prisoners were discharged in court because "nobody made any complaint."

Dr. Broder declared that the young woman in the case was a nurse he had engaged for a patient and that they were waiting for a car at the corner, not going into the restaurant, when his handsome, athletic wife, when told she was a nurse said "Humph!" and tackled them. But along with her denial of his charge of cruel treatment she demands an absolute divorce, and says the alleged "nurse" was not the only one.

Mrs. Haesberger, a fellow-tenant in the flat-house where the Broders lived and squabbled, testified that she often heard them rowing as she passed their door.

"But it was only the doctor," said the lady. "He was always quarrelling. But Mrs. Broder never said anything only 'My dear Julius!'"

Finally the youngsters found themselves in the street. They had not enough money left to get across the ferry to New York. Little Lottie became frightened and began to cry. Annie, as the leader, thought that even a whipping was better than staying out in the city all night, and, with trembling, unwilling feet, they wandered slowly back home.

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CAVE HIS LIFE FOR DYING WIFE

Policeman Dies from Exposure and Lack of Sleep and Nourishment, Due to His Ceaseless Vigil at Bedside.

VICTIM OF QUICK PNEUMONIA.

Patrolman John Hughes, of the Second Precinct, Hoboken, is dead from exposure through a continuous vigil at his wife's death bed and his body is being held in the house, as it is expected that he and his wife, who still lives, will be buried together Saturday.

The pathetic features of Hughes's troubles appealed to the Hoboken police force and a score volunteered to take his place at his wife's bed and at his own. Only two were needed. On the second relay Hughes died.

Mrs. Hughes was seized with quick consumption two months ago and since then her husband, always greatly devoted to her, had been continuously at her bedside when not controlling his beat. It was told that she could live but a short time and he was cautioned to be careful with himself. Neighbors tried to persuade him to go to bed, to get as much sleep as he could. He would not and he hurried home from his work each day and sat all night with his wife, talking to her, cheering her and ministering to every want.

Cared for the Children.
The care of their three little children, the oldest only six, also devolved upon the oldest policeman. But he never complained. He dressed them, prepared their meals as best he knew how and tried to amuse the little tots, who could not understand the grief which depressed him.

Three days ago he became so sick he could stand the strain no longer and stretched a cot alongside the bed of his dying wife and lay down upon it. He was just going to take a nap—he was so sleepy.

He did not awake. Pneumonia in its fiercest form held him. The doctors and neighbors carried the cot from the room so that his wife would not know. They told her he was simply sleeping from overwork and that they were taking him to another room so that she would not disturb him.

As he became worse she herself went peacefully to sleep—her last sleep. Her disease had weakened her so that she could no longer open her eyes. She is still alive, but she may not live through the day.

MAY HAVE TO TAKE WEYLER.

MADRID, Nov. 13.—Gen. Weyler will get the war portfolio again if Sagasta succeeds in forming a new Cabinet as Marshal Lopez Dominguez refused to take it. The Duke of Tetuan also declines to enter a Liberal concentration Cabinet.

We're Forcing Matters.

The season for sensational price reduction is here. In spite of the tremendous sales this season our tables are still heavily laden with Winter Suits and Overcoats, which as the season advances must be closed out. We are compelled to disregard the question of prices and take what we can get. For FRIDAY and SATURDAY we offer bargains that positively have not been equalled this season here—elsewhere—anywhere.

Men's Overcoats,

all sizes and lengths, blues, black and oxfords; hand-padded shoulders; actual values \$9.95 \$15.00; for Friday and Saturday.....

Men's Fine Overcoats